

Not all that bothered by ForgotMyPencil

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Genre: F/M, Not sure what I'm doing here

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Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Original Female Character(s), Steve Harrington/Original Female Character(s)

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Summary:

Darcy just wanted to study and get out of Hawkins. Other people had other ideas.

(Not really sure where I'm going with this if I'm honest)

Not all that bothered

Author's Note:

I've said it once and I'll repeat it all of the time. I really have no idea what made me write this. But I did. And if I don't share it - even if it is just a lot of waffle - well, I'll never get the confidence to write a book.

"Hargrove is staring at you. Again." A couple of weeks ago, it was jealousy that had soured Lottie's tone. Now it was just annoyance with a hint of boredom.

"I'm aware." He always seemed to be staring. It didn't matter what she was doing, she could feel his gaze upon her back, or some other part of her. Climbing out of her car in the morning, opening her locker, taking notes in class, heading to the lavatory. She couldn't blame Lottie's irritation. It had bothered her from the moment it had started.

"That's it? You're aware." Her oldest friend turned to face her now, a look of shock etched across her features. "You're not gonna stare back until one of you backs down? Not gonna give him some snide remark?"

"Nope."

"Why?"

Darcy closed her locker gently and turned to her friend. "Those tactics allowed him to know his stares were getting to me. Encouraged him to carry on. If I don't even acknowledge him, he'll get bored and go back to staring at the other girls." As one, the two girls pushed away from the lockers and began heading to their classes. Thankfully they were in the other direction that Billy was standing. There would be no awkward encounter this side of lunch at least.

"But you already slept with him." A fact Darcy did not need

reminding of. "Surely he should have moved on by now?"

"Gee, thanks Lottie." Darcy smirked at her friend to let her know she wasn't really offended by her friends words. She did after all, have a point.

"You know I don't mean it like that." She nudged her shoulder with her own, letting a gentle laugh escape from her pink tinted lips. "I mean, with the other girls he did the deed, and then threw them away like they were trash. Didn't bother to talk to them after. He's barely even glanced at the other girls. But you. He seems to have a fascination with you and I can't figure it out."

In all honesty. Neither could Darcy. Maybe it was because she hadn't been pining over the boy in the first place, and that during the act she hadn't been all that bothered. She got the impression that when Billy slept with a girl, he was always the first to leave, or get dressed and not too politely get them to leave. But she had been different with him. Not only had she never pined over him, not only had she not really been into the act they had committed, but she had been the first to get up and dressed, leaving almost immediately with a shrug of her shoulders and a word of thanks over her shoulder.

Unsure if Billy had taken offence to her actions or if he found them fascinating, not that she had it in herself to actually care, she had continued to ignore his gaze that she had felt upon her since the day he had started. Opting to instead focus on her classes, getting her work done. Distract herself from the monster she had encountered the year before.

If she was honest with herself, she wasn't even sure why she had slept with him in the first place.

"I don't know what to tell you." Darcy shrugged at her friend as they took their seats for class.

"You're missing something out. I know it." That was one thing about Lottie that Darcy hated. She always believed that no matter if you told her all the gory details of your deepest darkest secrets, she would

never believe it was everything. That there was something else just waiting for to her to uncover.

"There's nothing else to tell you. But I'm sure you'll turn all detective on me anyway."

Of course, at that moment, the boy himself decided to walk in to the room. Thankfully they were no longer talking about him.

"Ladies." He nodded his head at the pair as he walked past their desks. Sending a wink to Lottie before turning his unending gaze back to Darcy. She already knew that he would pay no attention to the class whatsoever, that all he would focus on would be her. But she would not give in to him. Had no interest in giving in to him.

It was going to be a very long class.